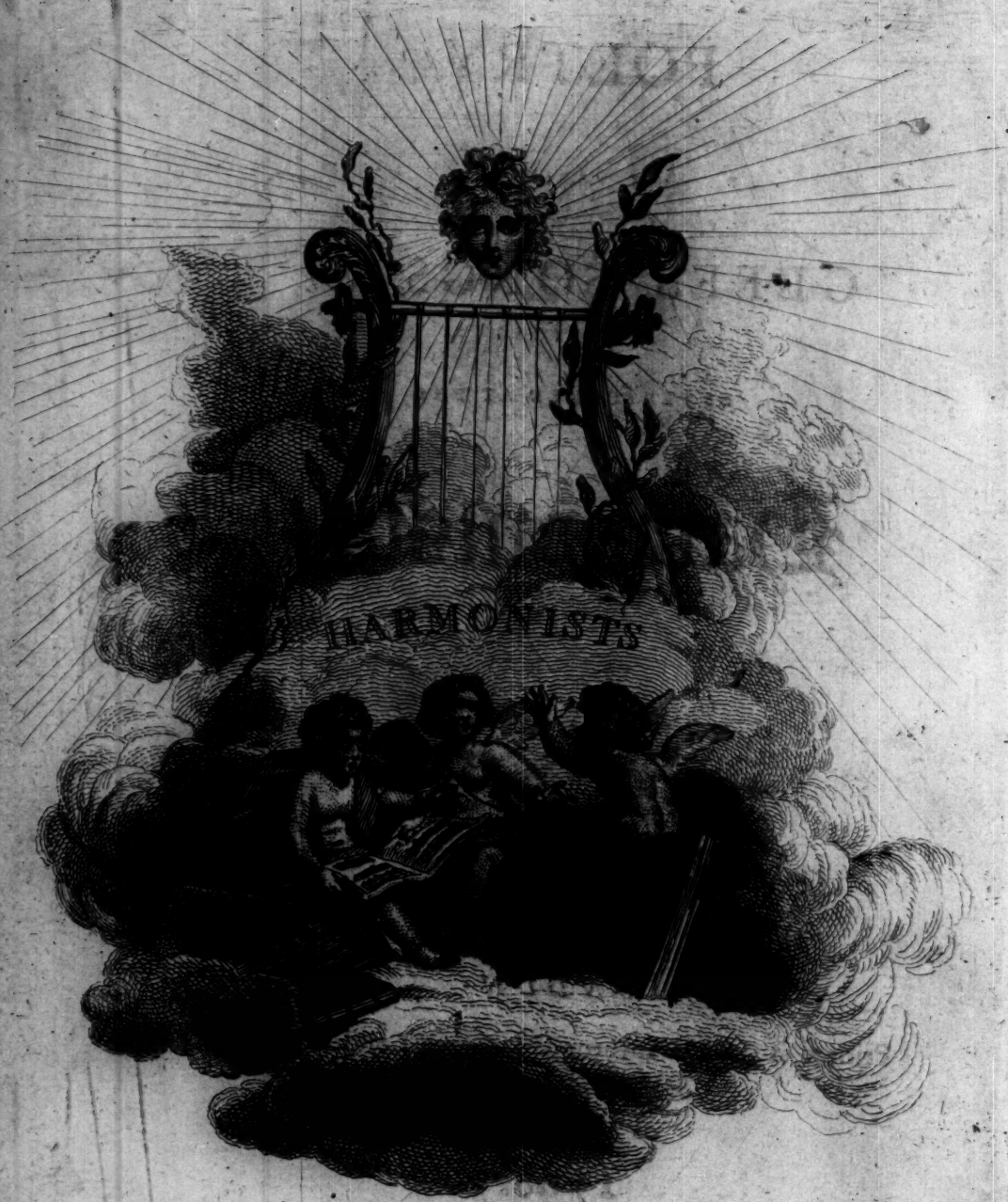
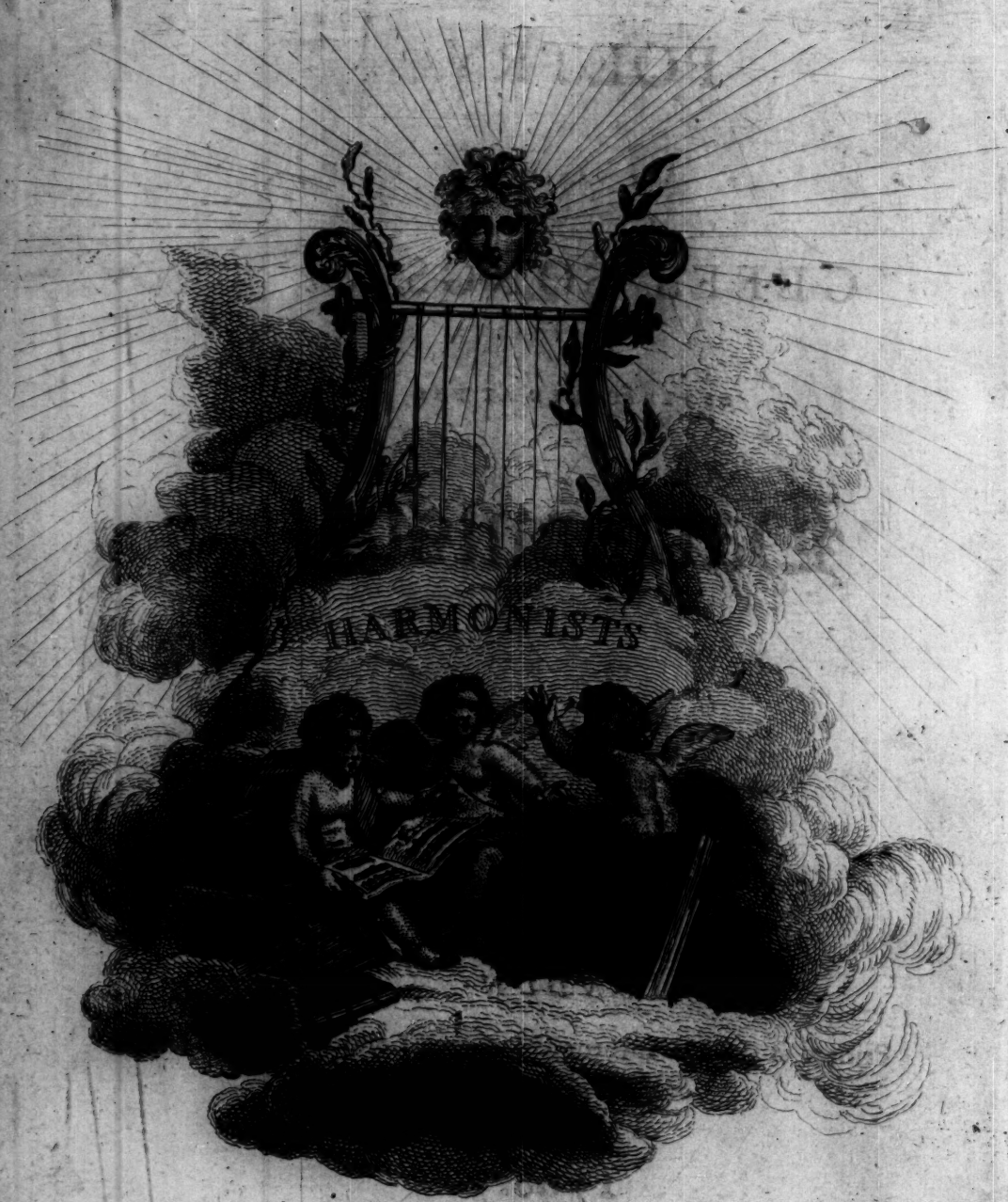






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HARVARD
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THE
POETRY
OF VARIOUS
GLEES, SONGS, &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Harmonists.

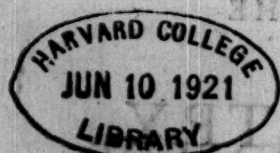


LONDON:

Printed at the Philanthropic Reform, London-Road,
St. George's-Fields,

1798.

10493. 7.10*



Booth fund

CLIFF SONGS

Harmonists

Harmonists

GEORGE FRYER

1798

LONDON

Printed at the University Press, Cambridge

1798

PRESENTED

TO THE

Harmonists,

BY

GEORGE FRYER.

1798.

PHENIX

TO THE

PHENIX

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B.

Behind the
Blow, from winter
Bliss part of years

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POETRY

OF VARIOUS

GLEES, SONGS, &c.

HARMONISTS' GLEE. Three Voices and Chorus.

Written for this Society by SAMUEL BIRCH.

Stevens.

SOBER lay and mirthful glee,
Harmony, belong to thee !
Thou, with more than chymic art,
From each fibre of the heart
Can'st extract the sigh at will,
And the liquid tear distil :
Or its joyful impulse speak,
Dancing on the dimpled cheek,
Goddess, at this festive hour,
Rich libations will we pour
of rosy wine !

II.

Thou can'st sheath the crimson'd steel,
Bid the soul for others feel ;
Cupids, as they wanton round,
In thy fragrant wreaths are bound :
Hymen's torch of hallow'd light
Draws from thee its lustre bright :
Friendship's transports spring from thee,
Sister sweet of Sympathy !
Goddess, at this festive hour,
Rich libations will we pour
of rosy wine !

B

III.

O descend, angelic maid!
In celestial white array'd,
With tresses fair, which might become
The proudest threads of Pallas' loom,
In thy olive chaplet twin'd,
Flowing gracefully behind,
Sweetly sound thy silver lyre!
Touch the chord! thy sons inspire!
Goddess, at this festive hour,
Rich libations will we pour

of rosy wine!

BALLAD.

Dibdin.

'T WAS in a village, near Castlebury,
A cobbler and his wife did dwell,
And for a time no two so merry,
Their happiness no tongue cou'd tell.
But to this couple the neighbours tell us
Did something happen, which caus'd much strife;
For going to a neighbouring alehouse,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

II.

Although he treated her so vilely,
What did his wife, poor creature do?
Kept snug, and found a method slyly
To ring his heart quite through and through.
For Dick the tapster, and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes, by this disaster,
To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

III.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
 And all the furniture was sold;
 She seem'd to approve of all was doing,
 And got from each a purse of gold.
 So when the cobbler's cares were over,
 He vow'd to lead an alter'd life,
 To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
 And love no other than his wife.

GLEE. Four Voices.

ADDISON.

Stevens.

BELINDA, see from yonder flowers

The bee flies loaded to his cell;
 Can you perceive what it devours?
 Are they impair'd in shew or smell?

So, tho' I rob you of a kiss
 Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,
 Why are you angry at my bliss?
 Has it at all impoverish'd you?

TRIO.

Attwood.

IN liquid notes,
 As music floats;
 Listen elves!
 'Tis the sound that charms the spheres!
 Haste in dew bells, hide yourselves,
 Titania appears!

GLEE. Four Voices.

BATE DUDLEY.

Shield.

WHAT is love? a sad compound of simples most sweet,
 Cull'd in life's spring, by fancy, poor mortals to cheat;
 A passion no eloquence yet could improve,
 So a sigh best expresses the PASSION OF LOVE!

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHAKESPEARE.

Stevens.

YE spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs be not seen;
 Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good night with lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here,
 Hence, ye long-legg'd spinners, hence;
 Beetles black approach not near,
 Worm and snail do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

CANZONETTA.

Mozart.

DEAR shade of bliss! enchanting hope!

Thy dreams are almost o'er;

Bewilder'd, weary, faint, I stop,

My heart believes no more.

Too long my wishes learn'd to stray,

And truant fancy wander'd far,

To catch a faint and trembling ray,

From thy obscure and clouded star.

SONG.

Shroeder.

WHEN Bibo went down to the regions below,

Where Lethe and Styx in eternity flow;

He awoke, and he cry'd, that he would be row'd back,

That his soul was a dry, and he wanted some sack.

"You were drunk!" replied Charon, "you were drunk

[when you died,

"And you felt not the pain that to death is allied."

"Take me back," roar'd out Bibo, "I mind not the pain,

"Take me back! take me back! let me die once again."

"Forget," replied Charon, "those regions of strife,

"Drink of Lethe divine, 'tis the fountain of life,

"Where the soul is new-born, and the past is a dream,

"And the Gods themselves sip of the cart-drowning

[stream.

"Let the Gods," replied Bibo, "drink water that will,

"The maxims of mortals I'll always fulfil,

"So prate not to me, of your Lethe divine,

"For our Lethe, on earth, is a bumper of wine."

DUETTO.

Attwood.

THE waves retreating from the shore
 In murmurs quit the printless sand ;
 O'er the green rock the surges pour,
 The white foam lingers on the strand.

We'll search the stores the waters leave,
 Whether of sea-weed, or of shell ;
 'Till sinking in the western wave,
 The sun's last ray shall bid farewell.

DUETTO.

Mozart.

YE gentle gales that careless blow,
 Regardless of a lover's sighs !
 Ye streams unheeding, as ye flow,
 The wretch, who on your margin dies !
 Far from your banks we fly to prove
 If absence is a cure for love.

Hope not in vain that distant plains,
 Tho' ne'er so fair the flowers they boast ;
 Or clearer stream can sooth thy pains,
 Or give thee back thy quiet lost :
 Ah no ! and thou, alas ! must prove
 That absence is no cure for love.

Hope no more, resolve to fly
 From beauty's tyrant sway ;
 'Tis nobler in the field to die,
 Than thus to sigh our youth away.

GLEE. Four Voices.

BEN JOHNSON.

Stevens.

FROM Oberon in fairy land,

The king of ghosts and shadows there,

We fairies all, at his command,

Are sent to view the night-sports here.

What revel rout

Is kept about,

In every corner where we go;

We will o'er-see,

And merry be,

And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,

With possets and with juncates fine;

Unseen of all the company,

We eat their cakes and sip their wine;

O then what sport,

The wine runs short,

The blushing cheeks with anger glow:

Their cakes they miss,

And shriek, who's this?

We answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,

We nightly dance our hey-day guise;

And to our fairy king and queen,

We chaunt our moon-light minstrelsies.

Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,

Who haunt the nights,

The hags and goblins do us know;

And beldames old

Our feats have told;

So frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna?
 I, for her, my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.
 Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown?
 Shepherds, tell me whither!
 Ah, woe is me! perhaps she's gone
 For ever, and for ever.

GLEE. Five Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Stevens. Medal.

IT was a lover, and his lass,
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn fields did pass,
 In the spring time;
 The pretty spring time, when birds do sing
 Hey ding a ding, sweet lovers love the spring.
 And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 Now love is crowned with the prime,
 In the spring time;
 The pretty spring time, when birds do sing
 Hey ding a ding, sweet lovers love the spring.

GLEE. Three Voices.*Attwood.*

SEE! o'er the hills the mists retire,
 And stronger grow the beams of day:
 Mark! how the flocks wind o'er their brow,
 In vain to shun the scorching ray.
 Homeward we trudge—with grateful breast,
 And wish our bleeding land at rest!

Merry should the peasant be,
 Child of health and labour he!
 Nature still with fav'ring smile
 Warms his heart and sweetens toil:
 Rustic forms and souls of glee,
 Merry peasants we will be!

We the purest love can find—
 Faithful vows as well as kind:
 Lightly then trip life away,
 Singing love's sweet roundelay:
 Nature wills we should be free
 Merry peasants we will be!

SONG. The SHIPWRECK.*Mrs. RATCLIFF.**Percy.*

SOFT came the breath of spring, smooth flow'd the tide,
 The deck was throng'd, the farewell signs appear,
 The anchor weigh'd, the sails expanded wide—
 Mute is each tongue, and eloquent each tear,
 The breeze of Eve moans low, her smile is o'er,
 Now sails the vessel t'ward the crimson west:
 The sailor youth he climbs the mast once more,
 To see the coast where all his wishes rest.

The storm of midnight swells, the sails are furl'd,
Fast o'er the waves the wretched bark is hurl'd—
Deep sounds the lead; but finds no friendly shore—
“ O Ellen! Ellen! we must meet no more!”
Fierce o'er the wreck the whelming waters pass'd,
The helpless crew sunk in the roaring main:
Henry's faint accents trembled in the blast,
“ Farewell! my love! we ne'er shall meet again!”

GLEE. Five Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Stevens.

O MISTRESS mine! where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth has present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then don't leave me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a season wont endure.

GLEE. Three Voices.

BATE DUDLEY.

Shield.

SHOULD mirth be observ'd by her sons to decline,
They recruit her bright lamp with a flask of good wine;
When the glass circles round and our spirits improve,
How sweet flows the bumper to friendship and love.

GLEE. Five Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Stevens.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 To hey, nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ladies, sing no more,
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The frauds of men were ever so,
 Since summer first was leafy:

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 To hey, nony, nony.

GLEE. Five Voices.

HEYWOOD.

Stevens.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air, blow soft, larks, mount aloft
 To give my love good morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good morrow;
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
 Sing, birds, in ev'ry furrow;
 And from each hill, let music shrill
 Give my fair love good morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush, in ev'ry bush,
 Linnet, and cock sparrow;
 You pretty elves, among yourselves,
 To give my love good morrow,
 Sing, birds, in ev'ry furrow.

GLEE. Four Voices.

MERRY.

Stevens.

WHEN the toil of day is o'er,
 And the sheep are in the fold,
 And when across the broomy heath
 The whistling winds blow cold;
 When the village dogs, in fear,
 At the moon begin to howl,
 And from some tott'ring wall is heard
 The melancholy owl:
 Then every danger is abroad,
 And gloomy spectres glide,
 While through the air, with dire intent,
 The witch and wizard ride.

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. Five Voices and Chorus.

O Sanctissima!

O piissima!

Dulcis Virgo Maria!

Mater amata

Intemerata,

Ora pro nobis.

GLEE. Five Voices.

FROM THE PERSIC.

Stevens.

THY form has a resistless grace,
 And gladness is thy resting-place ;
 Ah, soft enslaver of our minds !
 'Tis from thy magic tenderness,
 When that fair hand I fondly press,
 That my full heart contentment finds.

Thy coyness, which affects to frown,
 Thy dimpled smile, thy cheek of down,
 And the dear mole that on it lies ;
 Thine eye and eye-brow arch'd so true,
 Thy step, majestic to the view,
 All with delight my soul surprize.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Harmonized by STEVENS.

YE chearful virgins, have you seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r ?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade ?
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-blown flow'r.

Her cheek is like the maiden rose,
 Join'd with the lily as it blows,
 Where each in sweetness vie :
 Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Mrs. GOWLEY.

. STEVENSON.

CHARMING to love is morning's hour,
 When from her chrystal roseate tow'r,
 She sees the goddess health pursue
 The skimming breeze through fields of dew.
 Charming the flaming hour of noon,
 When the sunk linnet's fading tune
 Allures him to the beechy grove ;
 Or when some cragg'd grotesque alcove,
 Sounds in his ear its tinkling rill,
 And tempts him to its moss-grown sill.
 Most charm'd when on his tranced mind,
 Is whisper'd in the passing wind,
 The name of her whose name is bliss,
 Or when he all unseen can kiss
 The fringed bank where late she lay
 Hidden from the imperious day.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Morley.

NOW is the month of maying,
 When merry lads are playing.

Fa, la, la, la, la, &c.

Each with his bonny lass,
 A dancing on the grass.

Fa, la, la, la, la, &c.

Leave dulness, care, and sighing,
 Remember time is flying.

Fa, la, la, la, la, &c.

Then quickly haste away,
 To keep this holiday.

Fa, la, la, la, la, &c.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHAKESPEARE.

Stevens.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly,
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving meer folly:
 Then heigh ho! the holly, this life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly,
 Most friendship is feigning most loving meer folly:
 Then heigh ho! the holly, this life is most jolly.

SONG.

Stevens.

YE British youths, who danger brave,
 When riding on the mountain wave;
 Ye guardians of old England's fame,
 Assert, assert your country's claim.
 Our tars, so fam'd in story,
 Will sooner die
 Than basely fly,
 And tarnish Britain's glory.

Proud France shall long attempt, in vain,
 Upon the azure flood to reign ;
 She fain wou'd England's birthright seize,
 And wield the trident of the seas.
 But tars, so fam'd in story, &c.

This trident is great George's right,
 Confirm'd by many a hardy fight ;
 And they who wrest the same away,
 Must fight in blood from day to day.
 For tars, so fam'd in story, &c.

SONG.

The ROSE-BUD.

A ROSE-bud, by Lydia to Emma convey'd,
 Had been wash'd, lately wash'd, by a show'r,
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd its head,
 And weigh'd down this beautiful flower.
 I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so drooping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapt it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,
 Already to sorrow consign'd.
 This delicate rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile ;
 Thus the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd perhaps with a smile.

GLEE. Three Voices.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee:
But if from you they've learn'd such ill,
To sweetly smile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them still:

Send back my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain:
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

GLEE. Six Voices.**SHAKSPEARE.****Stevens.**

THE cloud cap't towers! the gorgeous palaces!
The solemn temples! the great globe itself!
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve!
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!

ROUND. Three Voices.**Battishill.**

I Lov'd thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

GLEE. Three Voices.

FROM THE PERSIC.

Stevens.

BALMY gale, I prithee say
 Whence those wings in fragrance dyed?
 O'er my love you chanc'd to stray,
 She the perfum'd treat supplied.

Balmy gale, such thefts forbear;
 Other sports from hence pursue;
 With the tresses of her hair,
 What have you, O gale, to do?

Yield Narcissus! In her eye
 See what tipsy brightness swims;
 There delicious languors lie,
 Drooping grief your lustre dims.

Wisdom! were you left to chuse
 What is sweetest, what is best;
 All things else you would refuse,
 If with her you might be blest.

SONG. The Ghost of Carril.

OSSIAN.

Percy.

THE stars of the night arise: they shew their heads of fire,
 through the flying mist of heaven. But silent and dark is
 the plain of death! Still on the misty heath arose in my ear
 the tuneful voice of Carril. He sung of the companions of
 our youth; and the days of former years; when we met in
 the hall, and sent round the joy of the shell. The ghosts of
 those he sung came in the rustling blasts. They were seen to
 bend t'ward the sound of their praise. O that thou would'st

come to my hall when I'm alone by night ! And thou dost come, my friend. I hear thy light hand on my harp, when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. But thou passest away in the murmuring blast ; and the winds whistle thro' the grey hairs of Ossian. Thus shall we pass O warriors ! like the chiefs of the times of old : for the valiant must one day fall. But the beams of our fame shall rise in the song of victory ; and be a light to other days.

*the moon herself is lost in
glee* **GLEE: Three Voices.**

OSSIAN. *When the world is dark.* **Callcott.**

WHO comes, so dark, from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud ? Death is trembling in his hand, his eyes are flames of fire ! Son of the cloudy night ! retire, call thy winds, and fly : retire thou to thy cave. But let us sit by the mossy fount ; let us hear the mournful voice of the breeze, when it sighs on the grass of the cave.

*All things else you
Voices.*

GLEE: Five Voices.

OSSIAN.

SOME of my heroes are low, I hear the sound of death on the harp. Bid the sorrow rise ; that their spirits may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills ! Bend forward from your clouds, ghosts of my fathers, bend ! bend ! bend ! Lay by the red terror of your course. Receive the falling chief ; whether he comes from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea. And oh ! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend forward from your clouds, ghosts of my fathers, bend ! bend ! bend !

Stevens.

GLEE. Five Voices.

OSSIAN.

Stevens.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven: but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. Thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end; thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Harmonized by HARRISON.

NEVER till now I felt Love's dart,
 Guess who it was that stole away my heart,
 'Twas you alone if you'll believe me.
 When from this world I'm call'd away,
 For you alone I'd wish to stay,
 For you alone if you'll believe me.
 'Grave on my tomb when there I'm laid,
 "Here lies who lov'd but one dear maid,"
 'Twas you alone if you'll believe me.

GLEE. Five Voices.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Stevens.

WHAT a frail life! in fear and trembling past,
 Form'd by a breath, to perish by a blast!
 To this sad goal does ev'ry mortal run,
 Dust his beginning, and his end a stone.
 But yesterday the world in arms he led,
 Now in an urn his mouldering dust is laid,
 —————
 —————

GLEE. Three Voices.

SHERIDAN.

Stevens.

MARK'D you her eye of heav'nly blue?
 Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue?
 That eye in liquid circles moving—
 That cheek abash'd at man's approving—
 The one love's arrows darting round—
 The other blushing at the wound.

ARCHERS' GLEE. Four Voices.

Stevens.

WHAT shall he have that merits most,
 Who numbers and best shots can boast,
 That twang'd the bow with steady eye,
 And let the best aim'd arrows fly?
 O, he shall have the bugle horn.

Nor let him think, that in disguise
 Some mischief lurks beneath the prize;
 For, long before his sire was born,
 They often wore a crest of horn.

Then let him prize the bugle horn.

OSSIAN.

SONG. Percy.

IT is night, and I am alone, forlorn, on the hill of storms.
 The wind is heard in the mountain, and the torrent rolls
 down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain, forlorn,
 on the hill of the winds.—Rise, O moon, from behind thy
 clouds, stars of the night appear ! lead me some light to the
 place, where my love rests from the toil of the chace.—His
 bow near him unstrung, his dogs panting around him. But
 here must I sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream ; and
 hear the winds roar ; nor can I hear the voice of my love,—
 no answer, half drown'd in the storm !

SONG.

Carey.

LIFE's like a ship, in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever wind may blow :
 If unassail'd by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales ;
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 While success attends our sails.
 Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn, from Reason, how to steer :
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails ;
 Should dangers rise, be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion

While your vessel's under way ;

Let good example bear dominion,

That's a compass will not stray :

When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,

Or Boreas on the surface rails ;

Let good discretion guide the rudder,

And providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding

In some welcome port or bay ;

Hope be the anchor you confide in,

And care awhile enslumber'd lay :

Or, when each cann's with liquor flowing,

And good fellowship prevails ;

Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,

Drink " Success unto our sails."

GLEE. Four Voices.

GRAY.

Danby. Medal, 1783.

A WAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake!

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings ;

From Helicon's harmonious springs,

A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,

Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,

Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign ;

Now rolling down the steep again,

Headlong impetuous see it pour,

The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

GLEE. Three Voices and Chorus. *Webbe.*

GLORIOUS Apollo from on high beheld us,
Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
While we ourselves such a structure might raise.
Thus then combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
Music inspiring unity and joy;
Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
Glee and good-humour our hours employ.
Thus then combining
Hands and hearts joining,
Long may continue our unity and joy.

GLEE. Five Voices.

CAREW.

Battishill.

AMIDST the myrtles as I walk,
Love and myself thus enter talk;
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess?

GLEE. Five Voices.

POPE.

Webbe. Medal, 1768.

AGEN'ROUS friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows:
One should our interest and our passion be,
My friend should hate the man that injures me.

GLEE. Five Voices.

MILTON.

Smith. Medal, 1775.

BLEST pair of sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ,
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
 And to our high rais'd phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,
 As sung before the saphire-colour'd throne,
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
 Where the bright Seraphin in burning row,
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits, that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout, and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on earth with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, while they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O ! may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God, ere long,
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

GLEE. Three Voices.

PEARCE'S COLLECTION.

*Battishill.***C**ONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stoneIn manhood's prime is Damon laid,
Joyless he liv'd but dy'd unknownIn bleak misfortune's barren shade ;
Lov'd by the muse but lov'd in vain,'Twas beauty drew his ruin on,
He saw young Daphne on the plain,

He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone !

Beneath this stone the youth is laid,

O ! greet his ashes with a tear ;
May Heav'n with blessings crown his shade,
And grant that peace he wanted here !

TRIO.

(With a double accompaniment for the piano forte.)

OSSIAN.

*Stevens.***O** STRIKE the harp in praise of my love, the lonely
sunbeam of Dunscaith !—Strike the harp in praise of Bragela !
—She that I left in the isle of mist, the spouse of Semo's
son !—Strike the harp in praise of Bragela !—Lovely with
her flowing hair is the white bosom'd daughter of Sorglan !
—Strike the harp in praise of Bragela !

GLEE. Four Voices.

*Webbe.***B**REATHE soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow ;
Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow ;
Ye swains, I beg you pass in silence by,
My love in yonder vale asleep doth lie.

WAR SONG.

MISS KNIPE.

Stevens.

WAKE, sons of Odin ! the returning ray
 Will soon arise, and give the promis'd day.
 Portents of battle, from the chilly north
 Etherial warriors issue swiftly forth ;
 Their beamy spears and glitt'ring arrows fly
 In lambent glory thro' the lucid sky.
 The radiant moon drives slow her cloudy car—
 Rise, sons of Odin, and prepare for war.

Thrice on my bossy shield I struck my spear,
 And thrice a ghost's shrill voice was heard in air ;
 The sacred oaks that skirt this sloping wood
 Are dead—revive their wither'd roots with blood ;
 The blood of foes shall fertilize the plain,
 And Odin's spirit feast on heaps of slain.
 Hark ! now I hear his mighty voice from far—
 Rise, sons of Odin, and prepare for war.

GLEE Four Voices.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. Lord Mornington.

COME, shepherds, come away without delay,
 While the gentle time doth stay ;
 Green woods are dumb, and will never tell to any,
 Those sweet kisses, and those many
 Fond embraces which were giv'n ;
 Dainty pleasures that could ev'n
 In coldest age raise a fire,
 And give virgins soft desire ;
 Come, shepherds, come away without delay,
 While the gentle time doth stay.

GLEE. Four Voices.

CUNNINGHAM.

Dr. Arne.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the soft tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain,
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The trees of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
Our hedges so vocal before;
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can hail the gay season no more.

GLEE. Four Voices.

POPZ.

Webbe. Medal, 1772.

DISCORD, dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,
Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour;
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around.

But lovely Peace, in angel's form,
Descending, quells the rising storm;
Soft Ease and sweet Content shall reign,
And Discord never rise again.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dr. Cooke.

AS now the shades of eve imbrown
 The scenes where pensive poets rove ;
 From care remote, from envy's frown,
 The joys of inward calm I prove.
 What holy strains around me swell,
 No wildly rude tumultuous sound ;
 They fix the soul in magic spell,
 Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.
 Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,
 Sweet thro' the vale yon winding stream ;
 Sweet are the notes loves warblers sing,
 But sweeter friendship's solemn theme.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Webbe.

AS o'er the varied meads I stray,
 Or trace thro' winding woods my way,
 While op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,
 And odours breathe in ev'ry gale :
 Where sage Contentment builds her seat,
 And Peace attends the calm retreat ;
 My soul responsive hails the scene,
 Attun'd to joy and peace within.
 But, musing on the lib'ral hand
 That scatters blessings o'er the land ;
 That gives for man with pow'r divine,
 The earth to teem, the sun to shine ;
 My grateful heart with rapture burns,
 And pleasure to devotion turns.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Ravenscroft.

CAN'ST thou love and live alone, love is so disgraced ;
Pleasure is best when it can rest, in a heart embraced.
Rise, rise, day light, do not burn out ;
Bells now ring, and birds do sing,
'Tis only I that mourn out.

Morning star doth now appear,
Wind is hush'd, and sky is clear :
Come away, come, come away,
Can'st thou love ? then burn out day.

Rise, rise, &c.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Dr. Rogers, 1673.

COME, come all noble souls, who skill'd in music's art,
Do join in this society to bear a part ;
For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink, and sing,
And imitate those chearful birds now in the spring ;
The Muses nine shall know, and all most plainly see,
Our off'ring at their shrine is love and harmony.

SONG.

Percy.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,—
Quite over canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine ;—
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

GLEE. Three Voices.

ANACREON.

Ireland.

COULD gold prolong my fleeting breath,
 Or guard me from the stroke of death;
 Then would I toil for precious ore,
 And amass a boundless store.
 But since all at length must die!
 Nor gold a single hour can buy;
 Let the joys of life be mine,
 Pour the streams of rosy wine;
 Let me taste in Chloe's arms
 All the heav'n of beauty's charms;
 The smiles of friendship let me prove,
 Friendship is the soul of love.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Webb.

DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;
 From the vale, where all around,
 Rocks to rocks return the sound:
 From the swelling surge that roars
 'Gainst the tempest-beaten shores;
 From the silent moss-grown cell,
 Haunt of warb'ling Philomel:
 Where unseen of man you lie,
 Queen of woodland harmony.
 Daughter sweet of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;
 If thou would'st Narcissus move,
 To requite thy tender love;
 From Delia thou may'st learn the art,
 She captivates the hardest heart.

GLEE. Four Voices.*Lord Mornington.*

COME, fairest nymph, resume thy reign,
 Bring all the graces in thy train;
 With balmy breath and flow'ry head,
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;
 Where, in Elysian slumber bound,
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round;
 Awake, in all thy glories drest,
 Recall the zephyr from the west,
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,
 At nature's call and mine, arise;
 Great nature's self upbraids thy stay,
 And misses her accustom'd May.
 See, all her works demand thy aid,
 The labours of Pomona fade;
 A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
 Each budding flow'ret waits for thee.
 Come then, with pleasure at thy side,
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
 Create, where-e'er thou turn'st thine eye,
 Peace, plenty, love, and harmony.

MADRIGAL. Four Voices.*Morley, 1596.*

FAIR Phillis I saw sitting all alone,
 Feeding her flock, near to the mountain side;
 The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,
 But after his lover Amintas hy'd:
 Up and down he wander'd while she was missing,
 But when he found her, O then they fell a kissing.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Rowe.

.3.W.C. Smith.

AS on a summer's day,
 In a green-wood shade as I lay;
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way:
 And as she passed by
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 What a shame, quoth she,
 For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to lie.
 And dost thou nothing heed
 What Pan our god has decreed?
 What a prize to-day
 Shall be giv'n away
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed:
 There's scarce a single swain,
 Of all this fruitful plain,
 But with hopes and fears,
 Now busily prepares
 The bonny boon to gain.
 Shall another maiden shine
 In brighter array than thine,
 Up, up, dull swain, and make the garland mine.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dr. Cooke.

GAYLY I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
 And spent my little life without a thought;
 And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
 Shou'd think of me, who never thought of him.

GLEE. Four Voices.

MARLOWE.

Webbe.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove;
 That grove and valley, hill and field,
 Or woods and steepy mountains yield,

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flow'rs, and rural kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 A coral clasp and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning;
 If joys like these thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

ANSWER.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Webbe.

IF love and all the world were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue;
 Thy fancy'd pleasures might me move,
 And I might listen to thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 Then rivers rage, and hills grow cold ;
 Then drooping Philomel is dumb,
 And age complains of cares to come.

Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies ;
 All these in me can nothing move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

If youth could last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, and age no need ;
 Then these delights my mind might move,
 And I might listen to thy love.

MADRIGAL. Five Voices.

Wilbye.

FLORA gave me fairest flowers,
 None so fair in Flora's treasure ;
 These I plac'd in Phillis' bowers,
 She was pleas'd, and she's my pleasure :
 Smiling meadows seem to say,
 Come, ye wantons, here to play.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Webbe.

WHEN nature form'd that angel face,
 She lavish'd all her store ;
 Be this, she cry'd, my master piece,
 Kneel, mortals, and adore !

GLEE. Five Voices.

Webbe.

GREAT Bacchus, O aid us to sing thy great glory,
 Thou chief of the gods we assemble before thee
 Wine's first projector ;
 Mankind's protector ;
 Hail patron of social delights ! we adore thee !
 All nature rejoic'd when thy birth was declar'd,
 Behold here thy altar ! and vot'ries prepar'd ;
 Crown with thy blessing
 All who confessing,
 No pow'r on earth can with thine be compar'd.

GLEE. Four Voices.

CHAUCER.

Dr. Cooke.

FAIR Susan did her wife hode well maintain,
 Algates assaulted so, by lovers twaine ;
 Now an' I reade arighte that auncient song,
 The paramours were olde, the dame was young :
 Had thilk same tale in other guise been told,
 Had they been young and she been olde,
 Pardie ! that wou'd ha' been much sorer tryale,
 Full marvailous, I wot, were such denyale.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Este, 1600.

HOW merrily we live that shepherds be ;
 Roundelays still we sing with merry glee :
 On the pleasant downs, where, as our flocks we see,
 We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns.
 We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

Da Capo.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Webbe.

DO not ask me, charming Phillis,
 Why I lead you here alone;
 By this bank of pinks and lillies,
 And of roses newly blown:
 'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of those flow'rs that crown the spring.
 'Tis to!—but I know my duty,
 And dare never name the thing.
 'Tis, at worst, but her denying,
 Why should you thus fearful be?
 Ev'ry minute gently flying,
 Smiles and says, make use of me.
 What the sun does to those roses,
 While the beams play sweetly in;
 I wou'd!—but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.
 Yet I die if I conceal it,
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own;
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers do alone.
 On this bank of pinks and lillies,
 Might I speak what I wou'd do;
 I wou'd!—with my lovely Phillis,
 I wou'd—I wou'd!—Ah! wou'd you?

GLEE. Five Voices.

MILTON.

Greville.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May; who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

GLEE. Four Voices.

COLLINS.

Dr. Cooke. Medal, 1771.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When spring with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
 There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermet there.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Ravenscroft.

OF all the brave birds that ever I see,
 The owl is the fairest in her degree;
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,
 And when the night comes, away flies she:
 Te whit, te whoo,
 To whom drink'st thou?
 Sir Noodle, to you!
 This song is well sung I make you a vow,
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.
 Nose, nose;
 And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
 Cinnamon and ginger,
 Nutmeg and cloves,
 And they gave me my jolly red nose.

MADRIGAL. Four Voices.

Ford,

FAIR, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?

O go not from thy dearest,

Tho' thou dost hasten I am nigh thee;

When thou seem'st far, then I am nearest:

Tarry then and take me with you.

Fie sweetest, here is no danger,

O fly not, love pursues thee;

I am no foe nor foreign stranger,

Thy scorn with fresher hope renews me:

Tarry then and take me with you.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Dr. Wilson.

FROM the fair Lavinian shore,

I your markets come to store;

Muse not though so far I dwell,

And my wares come here to sell:

Such is the sacred hunger for gold.

Then come to my pack,

While I cry, "What d'ye lack,

What d'ye buy, for here it is to be sold.

I have beauty, honor, grace,

Fortune, favor, time, and place,

And what else thou would'st request,

Ev'n the thing thou likest best:

First let me have but a touch of your gold.

Then come to me lad,

Thou shalt have what thy dad

Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Madam, come, see what you lack,
 I've complexions in my pack;
 White and red you may have in this place,
 To hide your old and wrinkled face.
 First let me have but a touch of your gold.

Then thou shalt seem
 Like a wench of fifteen,
 Although you be threescore and ten years old.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Paxton. Medal, 1779.

How sweet, how fresh, this vernal day,
 How musical the air!

Nature was never seen so gay,
 Were but my Silvio near.

Hush! wanton birds, your am'rous song

Alarms my virgin breast;

Retire, sweet whist'ling winds be gone,

Retire, 'tis love's request.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Harmonized from GEMINIANI,

BRADLEY.

by Dr. W. Hayes.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,

Chloe seems inclined to rest;

Fill her soul with fond desire,

Softest notes will sooth her breast,

Pleasing dreams assist in love,

Let them all propitious prove.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Dr. Cooke.

HARK! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins t'arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flowers that lies,

And winking Marybuds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With ev'ry thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Baildon.

PRITHEE, friend, fill t'other pipe,

Fie for shame don't let us part ;

Just when wit is brisk and ripe,

Rais'd by wine's all-powerful art.

None but fools would thus retire

To their drowsy sleepy bed ;

Drawer, heap with coals the fire,

Bring us t'other flask of red.

Foot to foot then let us drink,

Till things double to our view,

Pleasure then 'twill be to think,

One full bumper looks like two :

Fill, my friend, then fill your glass,

Why should we at cares repine ?

Misery crowns the sober ass,

Happiness the man of wine !

GLEE. Three Voices.**COWLEY'S ANACREON.****Dyne.**

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
 Around our temples roses twine;
 And let us chearfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses smile.
 To-day is ours, what do we fear?
 To-day is ours, we have it here;
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish at least with us to stay:
 Let's banish care, let's banish sorrow;
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

GLEE. Five Voices.**Mrs. PECKARD.****Webb.**

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle queen,
 Of aspect mild, and ray serene,
 Whose friendly beams by night appear,
 The lonely traveller to chear!
 Attractive power! whose mighty sway
 The ocean's swelling waves obey,
 And, mounting upward, seem to raise,
 A liquid altar to thy praise:
 Thee, wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
 Invoke to their infernal bow'r:
 But I to no such horrid rite,
 Sweet queen, implore thy sacred light;
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap:
 Thy kindly beams alone impart,
 To find the youth who stole my heart,
 And guide me from thy silver throne,
 To steal his heart, or find my own.

GLEE. Three Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Dr. Nares.

FEAR no more the heat of the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages,
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone to take thy wages;
 Golden lads and lasses must
 All follow thee, and turn to dust.
 No exorciser harm thee!
 And no witchcraft charm thee!
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have,
 Unremoved be thy grave.

GLEE. Three Voices.

SOMERVILLE.

Ireland.

JOLLY Bacchus, hear my pray'r,
 Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair;
 In thy smiling cordial bowl
 Drown all the sorrows of my soul;
 Jolly Bacchus! save! oh save!
 From the deep devouring grave,
 A poor despairing, sighing swain.

Haste, haste away,
 Lash thy tygers, do not stay,
 I'm undone if thou delay.
 If I view those eyes once more,
 I still shall love, and still adore,
 And be more wretched than before.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Calcott, M.B.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have many days been ;
For Lochaber no more,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on war ;
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dr. Arne.

MAKE haste to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd ;
The rosy wreath is ready made, and artful hands prepare
The fragrant oil that shall perfume thy hair.
Fresh roses here with myrtle twine ;
Like Daphne all is fair and sweet,
But simple all, without deceit,
My wine from art is free,
Which never woman was,
Nor e'er will be.
When nectar sparkles from afar,
And the free-hearted friend cries, come away,
Make haste, resign thy bus'ness and thy care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.
Here Mirth resides, here Bacchus' rites are due,
Come, drink till ev'ry taper shines like two ;
Till whining love in bumpers deep be drown'd,
And all things, like the circling glass, go round.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Smith.

HARK! the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry;
 Hark! how all the vales rebounding,
 To his chearing voice reply.
 Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,
 He pursues the gay delight;
 Distant woods and plains retiring,
 Seem to vanish from his sight.
 Flying still, and still pursuing,
 See the fox, the hounds, the men,
 Cunning cannot save from ruin;
 Far from refuge, wood, and den,
 Now they kill him—homeward hie them,
 For a jovial night's repast;
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
 Health continues to the last.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Danby.

FAIR Flora decks the flow'ry ground,
 And plants the bloom of May,
 Whilst ev'ry hill, and ev'ry dale,
 Appears unusual gay:
 The pretty warblers of the grove
 Assume their various notes;
 Th' echoing woods responsive sound,
 The music of their throats.
 Lead on, my Celia, quit the town,
 And banish ev'ry care;
 O haste, my Celia, haste away,
 To breathe the rural air.

GLEE. Six Voices.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Webbe.

HENCE all ye vain delights !

As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly !

There's nought in this life sweet,

If man were wise to see't,

But only Melancholy ;

Oh ! sweetest Melancholy.

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,

A sigh that piercing, mortifies ;

A look that's fasten'd to the ground ;

A tongue chain'd up—without a sound :

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale passion loves,

Moon-light walks, when all the fowls

Are safely hous'd, save bats and owls.

A midnight bell ! a parting groan !

These are the sounds we feed upon !

Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,

Nothing so dainty sweet as Melancholy.

GLEE. Three Voices.

CATULLUS.

Smith.

LET us, my Lesbia, live and love,

Nor cast a moment's thought away ;

Whether a peevish world approve,

Or what they think, or what they say :

The sun that sets shall rise again ;
But when our short-liv'd day is o'er,
One long eternal night must reign,
A lasting sleep—to wake no more !

Let us then live and love to-day,
And kiss the fleeting hours away.

GLEE. Four Voices.

MERRY.

Callcott, M.B.

GO, idle boy, I quit thy bow'r,
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r,
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
But bless the hour I'm free at last.
Yet still, methinks, the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray ;
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows ;
Haste thee back then, idle boy,
And with thine anguish bring thy joy :
O rend my heart with ev'ry pain,
But let me, let me—love again.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Dr. Cooke.

I HAVE been young, though now grown old,
Hardy in field, in battle bold.
I am young still, let who dares try,
I'll conquer or in combat die ;
Whatever ye can do or tell,
I one day did you both excell.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Hutchinson.

RETURN, return, my lovely maid,
 For summer's pleasures pass away,
 The trees' green liv'ries 'gin to fade,
 And Flora's treasures all decay.
 No more, at ev'n-tide, waileth sweet,
 Sad Philomel the woods among;
 Nor lark the rising morn doth greet;
 Return, my love, thou stay'st too long.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Webbe.

PRETTY warbler, cease to hover,
 Pretty warbler, help a lover;
 From thy joy a moment borrow,
 Tune thy music to my sorrow:
 Join and answer when I mourn.
 To grieve alone is most tormenting;
 There's a pleasure in lamenting
 My complaint, if you return.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Smith.

FLORA now calleth forth each flow'r,
 And bids make ready Maia's bow'r,
 Who still doth lie in a trance.
 Then will we little love awake,
 That now sleepeth in Lethæ's lake,
 And pray him leaden our dance.

GLEE. Four Voices.

BRETON, 1580.

Dr. Cooke. Medal, 1773.

IN the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walk'd by the wood side,
 Where, as May was in his pride,
 There I spied all alone
 Phillida and Corydon :
 Much ado there was, God wot,
 For he would love, but she would not ;
 She said, never man was true ;
 He said, none was false to you ;
 He said, he had lov'd her long ;
 She said, love should have no wrong :
 Corydon would kiss her then ;
 She said, maids must kiss no men,
 Till they did for good and all :
 Then she made the shepherd call
 On all the heav'ns to witness truth,
 That never lov'd a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use,
 When they will not love abuse :
 Love, which had been long detuded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
 And Phillida, with garland gay,
 Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

MADRIGAL. Five Voices.

Weelkes.

WELCOME, sweet pleasure,

My wealth and treasure ;

To haste our playing,

There's no delaying,

No no no no no !

This mirth delights me,

When sorrow spights me,

Then sing we all, Fa la la ;

Sorrow content thee,

Mirth must prevent thee ;

Though much thou grievest,

Thou none relievest,

No no no no no !

Joy come delight me,

Though sorrow spight me,

Then sing we all, Fa la la ;

Grief is disdainful,

Sottish and painful ;

Then wait on pleasure,

And lose no leisure,

No no no no no !

Heart's ease it lendeth,

And comfort sendeth,

Then sing we all, Fa la la ;

GLEE. Three Voices.

Dr. Arne.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
 Her ancient Druids first address ;
 What aid, she cry'd, shall I implore ?
 What best defence, by numbers prest ?
 Tho' hostile nations round thee rise,
 (The mystic Oracles reply'd)
 And view thine Isle with envious eyes,
 Their threats defy, their rage deride ;
 Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,
 With floating force shall stem the tides,
 Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
 Where'er thy thund'ring navy rides.
 Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
 Where commerce opens all her stores,
 In social bands shall league mankind,
 And join the sea-divided shores ;
 Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

Hail ! happy Isle, what tho' thy vales
 No vine-empurpled tribute yield,
 Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field ;
 Yet Liberty rewards the toil
 Of industry, to labour prone,
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
 And reaps the harvest she has sown :
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthalls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are—her wooden walls.

MADRIGAL. Six Voices.

Wilbye.

LADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,
 Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours;
 And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,
 Mine eyes present me with a double doubting;
 For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
 Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses?

GLEE. Three Voices.

Ravenscroft.

WE be soldiers three,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie;
 Lately come forth from the low country,
 With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie;
 To all good fellows wherever they be,
 With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie;
 Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
 With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, Boy, charge it again,
 Pardonez moi, je vous en prie;
 As long as there is any ink in my pen,
 With never a penny of money.

GLEE. Four Voices.

DR. PERCY.

SMITH.

RETURN, blest days, return ye laughing hours,
 Which led me up the roseate steep of youth,
 Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,
 And bid me court chaste science and fair truth.
 Witness ye winged daughters of the year,
 If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast,
 If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
 Till Cynthia came, and robb'd my soul of rest.
 So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
 Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
 I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
 Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Ravenscroft. 1614.

WE be three poor mariners,
 Newly come from the seas,
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease:
 Shall we go dance the round, around, around,
 And he that is a bully, boy,
 Come pledge me on this ground.
 We care not for those martial men,
 That do our states disdain,
 But we care for those merchantmen,
 Which do our states maintain;
 To them we dance this round, around, around,
 And he that is a bully, boy,
 Come pledge me on this ground.

GLEE. Four Voices.

ANACREON.

Dr. Arne.

SWEET Muse! inspire thy suppliant bard,
 Heroic ardor to record.
 In vain the fervent pray'r I move,
 Hark! ev'ry echo whispers Love!
 I'll raise the theme to acts renown'd—
 Ah! no,—'tis Love,—no other sound!
 Farewell then, Patriot—Hero—King!
 My Muse of nought but Love can sing.

GLEE. Three Voices.

COWLEY.

Battishill.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
 And around it roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love, himself, shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, love, nay fill it up;
 And mingled, cast into the cup
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vig'rous health, and gay desires.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are stoicks in the grave.

GLEE. Four Voices

CUNNINGHAM.

Webbe.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows nurs'd by night retire,
 And the peeping sun-beams now
 Paint with gold the village spire.
 Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng
 On the white emblossom'd spray,
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Weelkes.

THE nightingale, the organ of delight,
 The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the thrush,
 And all the pretty choristers of flight,
 That chaunt their music notes on ev'ry bush:
 Let them no more contend who shall excel;
 The cuckow is the bird that bears the bell.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Gibbons.

THE silver swan who living had no note,
 When death approach'd unlock'd her silent throat:
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
 Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
 Farewell all joys, O death, come close mine eyes,
 More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise,

GLEE. Five Voices.

Webbe.

WHEN winds breathe soft along the silent deep,
 The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep :
 A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes ;
 The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes.
 More dreadful still, when furious storms arise,
 The mounting billows bellow to the skies ;
 On liquid rocks the tott'ring vessel's toss'd,
 Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast :
 The raging waves, excited by the blast,
 Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast,
 When in an instant, he who rules the floods,
 Earth, air, and fire, Jehovah, God of gods,
 In pleasing accents speaks his sovereign will,
 And bids the waters, and the winds, be still !
 Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar ;
 Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.
 Now say what joy elates the sailor's breast,
 With prosp'rous gales so unexpected blest :
 What ease, what transport, in each face is seen,
 The heav'ns look bright, the air and sea serene :
 For ev'ry plaint we hear a joyful strain
 To Him, whose pow'r unbounded rules the main.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Earl of Mornington.

WHEN for the world's repose my fairest sleeps,
 See Cupid hovers round her couch and weeps ;
 Well may'st thou weep, proud boy, thy power dies,
 Thou hast no dart when Chloe has no eyes.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Calcott, M.B.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
 To wear long hanging sleeves,
 He entertain'd three serving men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welchman,
 And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd ale, call'd Blue Cap ;
 The Welchman, he lov'd toasted Cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale ;
 The Welchman had like to be choak'd with a mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

GLEE Three Voices.

ANACREON.

Webbe.

TO me the wanton girls insulting say,
 Here in this glass thy fading bloom survey.
 Just on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite,
 Whether my locks are black, or silver white ;
 Roses around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
 And dissipate anxieties in wine.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHENSTONE.

Lord Mornington.

HERE in cool grot and mossy cell
 We rural fays and fairies dwell;
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon ascending high,
 Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams;
 Her beams reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revels crave;
 The turf with daisies 'broider'd o'er,
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the water-fall.

GLEE. Four Voices.

GRAY.

Callcott, M.B.

THYRSIS when he left me swore,
 In the spring he would return;
 Ah! what means that op'ning flow'r,
 And the bud that decks the thorn?
 'Twas the nightingale that sung,
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung.

Idle notes, untimely green,
 Why such unavailing haste?
 Gentle gales and skies serene,
 Prove not always winter past;
 Cease my doubts, my fears to move;
 Spare the honour of my love.

GLEE. Three Voices.

OSSIAN.

Calcott, M.B.

PEACE to the souls of the heroes,
 Their deeds were great in fight;
 Let them ride around me on clouds,
 Let them shew their features in war;
 My soul then shall be firm in danger,
 And mine arm like the thunder of heav'n:
 But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna,
 Near the window of my rest,
 When my thoughts are of peace,
 When the din of arms is past.

GLEE. Three Voices.

ROLLI.

Webbe.

O COME O bella l'ardor de vini,
 Piu coralini tuoi la-bri fa,
 Bacco vi stilla, suave umore,
 D'un tal sapore che amor non ha,
 Bevil' O cara, quando ha la spuma,
 Tal si costuma gustarlo qui,
 Così gridando l'ama il francese,
 Cheto l'Inglese l'ama così.
 Ma cara luci voi non vedete,
 Qual altra siete sui l'abri sta,
 Aita il core ch'è tutto fuoco,
 Et a poco a poco mancando va.
 Si bella Dori godiam che il giorno,
 Presto è al ritorno presto al partir,
 Di giovanezza godiam il fiore,
 Poi l'ultim' ore lasciam venir.

GLEE Three Voices.

FAWKES.

Baildon.

WHAT Anacreon lov'd we drink,
 Press it closely to the lip;
 Misers, can ye sleep or think,
 While such nectar here we sip?

Our gay honest Horace would take off his flask,
 While Ovid in love play'd the fool:
 Come, broach the Falernian or Massic old cask,
 And follow gay Horace's rule,

Let the whining lover sigh,
 All his tears are shed in vain;
 But a bumper can supply,
 Ev'ry tear that love can drain,

Love was ne'er a treasure,
 Drinking is a pleasure,
 Then fill your gen'rous goblet high!
 Let your glasses gingle
 Thus our joys we mingle,
 Drink, sons of Bacchus, till ye die.

GLEE. Four Voices,

Norris, M.A.

OER William's tomb, with silent grief oppress,
 Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
 Not tears alone, but praises too she gives,
 Due to the guardian of our laws and lives:
 Nor shall that laurel ever fade with years,
 Whose leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Webbe.

RISE, my joy, sweet mirth attend;
 I'm resolv'd to be thy friend;
 Sneaking Phœbus hides his head,
 He's with Thetis gone to bed:
 Tho' he will not on me shine,
 Still there's brightness in the wine;
 From Bacchus I'll such lustre borrow,
 My face shall be a sun to-morrow.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dr. Cooke.

IN paper case, hard by this place,
 Dead a poor dormouse lies;
 And soon or late, summon'd by fate,
 Each prince, each monarch dies,
 Ye sons of verse, while we rehearse,
 Attend instructive rhyme;
 No sins had Dor to answer for,—
 Repent of your's in time.

GLEE. Five Voices.

CRADDOCK

Webbe. Medal, 1776.

YOU gave me your heart t'other day,
 I thought it as safe as my own;
 I've not lost it,—but, what can I say?
 Not your heart from mine can be known!

GLEE. Four Voices.

Webbe.

THE mighty conqueror of hearts,
 His pow'r I here deny ;
 With all his flames, his fires and darts,
 I, champion-like, defy.

I'll offer all my sacrifice,
 Henceforth, at Bacchus' shrine ;
 The merry god ne'er tells us lies,
 There's no deceit in wine.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Danby. Medal, 1788.

THE fairest flow'rs the vale prefer,
 And shed ambrosial sweetness there ;
 While the tall pine and mountain oak,
 Oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke :
 So in the lowly moss-grown seat,
 Dear peace and quiet dwell ;
 The storms that rack the rich and great,
 Fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Danby.

THE nightingale who tunes her warbling notes so sweet,
 'Midst flowers ne'er presumes to fix her mournful seat ;
 Melodiously she sings, while hawthorns pierce her breast,
 Her voice sweet echo rings, and nature lulls to rest.

GLEE. Three Voices.

METASTASIO.

Webbe. Medal.

NON fide al mar che fremè,
La temeraria prora,
Chi si scolora e teme,
Sol quando vede il mar:
Non si cimenti in Campo,
Chi trema al suono e al lampo;
D'una guerriera tromba
D'un bellicoso acciar.

GLEE. Three Voices.

SMOLLETT.

Danby. Medal, 1781.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the-raptur'd strain,
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine, the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.
For when she struck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breast was all on fire;
But when she tun'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.

CATCH. Three Voices.

LORD SANDWICH.

Baildon.

MR. Speaker! though 'tis late,
I must lengthen the debate.
Question—Order—hear him, hear!
Pray support, support the chair!
Sir, I shall name you if you stir.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Webbe.

NOW I'm prepar'd to meet th' enchanting scene,
 This is the hour the happy guests convene;
 Welcome this kind release from care,
 What can to social joys compare?
 With wine and songs the jovial night shall pass,
 Till morning darts its rays into my glass;
 When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,
 What can his votaries dismay?

GLEE. Four Voices.

Smith. Medal, 1776.

WHILE fools their time in stormy strife employ,
 Be ours engag'd in Union, Peace and Joy;
 Thus the blest gods, the genial day prolong
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song;
 Apollo tunes the lyre, the muses round,
 With voice alternate, aid the silver sound.
 Wisely we imitate the Pow'rs divine,
 Peace at our heart, and pleasure our design.

} *Pope's Iliad.*

GLEE. Four Voices.

Webbe.

SINCE harmony deigns with her vot'ries to dwell,
 Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly swell;
 Intreat her to visit us here ev'ry night,
 And thus by her presence diffuse new delight;
 And since she such mirth and such pleasure can bring,
 Let us Io Pœan repeatedly sing.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Smith.

WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leathern skin and horns to wear;
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Take you no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wert born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

GLEE. Three Voices.

ANACREON.

Baildon. Medal, 1766.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest;
Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch, or ballad sing:
Ivy wreaths my temples shade,
Ivy, that will never fade;
Thus I sit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of state;
Some delight in fighting fields,
Nobler transports Bacchus yields;
Fill the bowl, I ever said,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

K

GLEE. Four Voices.

ANNUAL REGISTER.

Callcott, M.B.

ARE the white hours for ever fled,
 That us'd to make the cheerful day?
 And ev'ry blooming pleasure dead,
 That led th' enraptur'd soul astray?
 Too fast the rosy-footed train,
 The blest delicious moments past:
 Pleasure must now give way to pain,
 And grief succeed to joy at last.
 O! daughters of eternal Jove,
 Return with the returning year;
 Bring pleasure back, and smiles, and love,
 Let blooming love again appear.

GLEE. Three Voices.

RANNIE.

Callcott, M.B.

WHILE the moon-beams, all bright,
 Give a lustre to night,
 I'll weep on his dwelling so narrow,
 And high o'er his grave,
 The willow trees wave,
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.
 'Twas under this shade,
 Hand in hand as we stray'd,
 He fell by the flight of an arrow;
 And fast from the wound,
 His blood stain'd the ground,
 Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

TWEED-SIDE. Four Voices.

Harmonized by CORFE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field;
 Not Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
 'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ?
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

G L E E. Three Voices.*Webbe.*

AWAY ! away ! we've crown'd the day,
 The hounds are waiting for their prey :
 The huntsman's call invites ye all,
 Come in, boys, while ye may.
 The jolly horn, the rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds :
 For these, my boys, are sportsman's joys,
 Our pleasure knows no bounds.

GLEE. Three Voices. E. W. T.

REID.

Webbe.

O! what can equal here below,
 The life of us three brothers!
 The rising sigh of bursting woe,
 The balm of friendship smothers.
 The stream of life so smoothly flows,
 We scarcely feel it gliding;
 No dang'rous wave the current knows,
 Our bark with harm betiding:
 Nor anxious thought, nor teasing care,
 Our peace of mind destroying;
 The social glass we freely share,
 Thus doubly life enjoying.
 In friendship's ties so firmly bound,
 Misfortune's storms we weather,
 And ev'ry blast that would confound,
 Unites us more together.

GLEE. Four Voices.

YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

Harmonized by CORFE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would often-times go,
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees grow:
 There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his love ev'ning and morn;
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

ELEGY. Three Voices.*Jackson.*

IN a vale clos'd with woodland, where grottoes abound,
Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;
I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,
And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue;
But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I could wish unawares that my Daphne might hear,

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
To drive from my heart the fair nymph I ador'd!
But the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,
I still must my Daphne's fair image renew;
The graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,
And the muses are all in alliance with love!

GLEE. Four Voices.*MOORISH BALLAD.**Callcott, M.P.*

LOVELY seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silv'ry bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.
Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Danby.

NOR blazing gems, nor silken sheen,
 Bespeak the wearer's heart serene;
 Nor purple robe, nor tissued vest,
 Proclaim the calm unruffled breast.
 The crimson mantle, and the jewell'd crown,
 Fair peace forsakes, well pleas'd to own
 The shepherd's simple garb and russet gown.
 Sweet peace forsakes the crouded street,
 And shelters in the calm retreat;
 With solitude the charmer dwells,
 'Midst rural meads and flow'ry dells:
 She shuns the costly feast, and rare,
 Contented with the shepherd's fare;
 She scorns the roofs where nobles dwell,
 And seeks the rustic's humbler cell;
 She slights the miser's glitt'ring hoard,
 The joys of wine, and plenteous board;
 Fair virtues livery she wears,
 And all the joys of life are hers.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Miss WILLIAMS.

R. Cooke.

NO riches from his scanty store
 My lover could impart;
 He gave a boon I valu'd more,
 He gave me all his heart.
 But now for me, in search of gain,
 From shore to shore he flies;
 Why wander riches to obtain,
 When love is all I prize!

GLEE. Three Voices.

Dr. Arnö.

YOU ask me, dear Jack, for an emblem that's rife,
 And clearly explains the true medium of life :
 I think I have hit it, as sure as a gun,
 A bowl of good punch and the medium are one.
 When lemon and sugar so happily meet,
 The acid's corrected by mixing the sweet ;
 The water and spirit so luckily blend,
 That each from th' extreme doth the other defend.
 Then fill up the bowl, rot sorrow and strife,
 A bumper ! my boys, to the medium of life :
 Which keeps our frail state in a temper that's meet,
 Contented in blending the sour with the sweet.

GLEE. Three Voices.

OLD BALLAD.

Calcott, M.B.

YOU, gentlemen of England, that live at home at ease,
 Ah ! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas ;
 Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly show,
 All the cares and the fears, when the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at wars
 With any foreign nations, we fear not wounds nor scars,
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on the keel, when the stormy winds do blow.

Then, courage all brave mariners, and never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want a trade ;
 Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth we know,
 Then be bold, work for gold, when the stormy winds do blow.

GLEE. Three Voices.

OLD BALLAD.

Callcott, M.B.

AS I was going to Derby,

'Twas on a market-day,

I met the finest ram, Sir,

That ever was fed upon hay ;

This ram was fat behind, Sir,

This ram was fat before,

This ram was ten yards high, Sir,

Indeed, he was no more !

The butcher that kill'd this ram, Sir,

Was up to his knees in blood !

The boy that held the pail, Sir,

Was carried away by the flood !

The tail that grew upon his rump

Was ten yards and an ell,

And that was sent to Derby,

To toll the market bell.

GLEE. Three Voices.

BATE DUDLEY.

Sacchini.

HOW should we mortals spend our hours ?

In war, in love, and drinking !

None but a fool consumes his pow'rs

In peace, in care, and thinking.

Time, would you let him wisely pass,

Is lively, brisk and jolly :

Dip but his wing in the sparkling glass,

And he'll drown dull melancholy.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Ossian.

Callcott, M.S.

FATHER of heroes! high dweller of eddying winds,
 Where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds;
 Open thou thy stormy halls;
 Let the bards of old be near.
 We sit at the rock, but there is no voice;
 No light but the meteor of fire.
 O! from the rock on the hill,
 From the top of the windy steep,
 O! speak, ye ghosts of the dead!
 O! whither are ye gone to rest?
 In what cave of the hill shall we find the departed?
 No feeble voice is on the gale;
 No answer half-drown'd in the storm!
 Father of heroes! the people bend before thee;
 Thou turnest the battle in the field of the brave;
 Thy terrors pour the blasts of death!
 Thy tempests are before thy face!
 But thy dwelling is calm, above the clouds;
 The fields of thy rest are pleasant.

DUETTO.

Travers.

WHEN Bibbo thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat;
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said
 "He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead."
 "Trim the boat and sit quiet," stern Charon replied,
 "You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died."

GLEE. Four Voices.

DR. AIKIN.

Webbe.

WHERE, hapless Ilium, are thy heav'n-built walls,
 Thy high embattled tow'rs, thy spacious halls?
 Where are thy temples, fill'd with forms divine?
 Where is thy Pallas? where her awful shrine?
 The mighty Hector where? thy fav'rite boast;
 And all thy valiant sons, a splendid host?
 Thy arts, thy arms, thy riches, and thy state,
 Thy pride, thy pomp, thy all that made thee great?
 These prostrate now in dust and ruin lie,
 But thy transcendant fame can never die;
 Fate boasts no pow'r to sink thy glories past,
 They fill the world, and with the world shall last.

GLEE. Four Voices.

LOVERS and BACCHANALS.

Webbe.

LOVERS.

CUPID, my pleasure, soft love I thee implore;

BACCHANALS.

Bacchus, my treasure, brisk wine I will adore:

LOVERS.

Give me a beautiful maid to bless my longing arms!

BACCHANALS.

Give me a bumper of red, in that I view all charms.

LOVERS.

Without thy joy, life soon would cloy,

And prove a mere disease;

BACCHANALS.

The noble juice will mirth produce,

And give us ease.

Da Capo.

DUETTO.

Goodwin.

COULD a man be secure,
 That his life would endure,
 As of old, for a thousand long year;
 What arts might he know,
 What acts might he do,
 And all without hurry or care.

But we that have but span long lives,
 The thicker must lay on the pleasure;
 And since time will not stay,
 We'll add the night unto the day;
 And thus we'll fill the measure.

SONG.

Dibdin.

THEN farewell my trim built wherry,
 Oars, and coat and badge farewell;
 Never more at Chelsea ferry,
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battles heat I go;
 Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,
 Some friendly ball may lay me low.

Then may hap when homeward steering,
 With the news my mess-mates come;
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh may cry poor Tom.

SONG.

SHERIDAN.

Linley.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the dark'ned main;
 Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again;
 But when the fights begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Shou'd any thought of them, come o'er your mind:
 Think only should the day be won;
 How 'twill cheer,
 Their hearts to hear,
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs, to think how it may fare with you:
 O when the fights begun,
 Your serving at your gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind:
 Think only should the day be won;
 How 'twill cheer,
 Her heart to hear
 That her own true sailor he was one.

MADRIGAL. Five Voices.

Converso. 1580.

WHEN all alone my pretty love was playing,
 And I saw at a gaze, bright Phœbus staying,
 Alas! I fear'd there would be some betraying.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Webbe.

GREAT Apollo, strike the lyre,
 Fill the raptur'd soul with fire!
 Let the festive song go round,
 Let this night with joy be crown'd.
 Hark! what numbers soft and clear,
 Steal upon the ravish'd ear!
 Sure, no mortal sweeps the strings;
 Listen!—'tis Apollo sings!

SONG.

NOW safe moor'd with bowl before us,
 Mess-mates heave a hand with me;
 Lend a brother sailor chorus,
 While he sings your lives at sea.

O'er the wide waves swelling ocean,
 Toss'd a loft or hurl'd below;
 As to fear, 'tis all a notion,
 When our time's come we must go.

Da Capo.

SONG.

Louis the Sixteenth's Appeal and Resignation.

Maynard.

TO thee, O God, I make my last appeal;
 To all the world, my innocence reveal;
 Forgive my enemies, by whom I die,
 Through zeal misled, or cruel perfidy.

DUETTO.

Travers.

HASTE my Nannette, my lovely maid,
 Haste to the bow'r, thy swain has made;
 For thee alone, I've made the bow'r,
 And strew'd the couch, with many a flow'r.
 None but my sheep shall near us come,
 Venus be prais'd, my sheep are dumb;
 Great god of love, take thou my crook,
 To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
 Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear,
 My own alas! have left my care;
 But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us to call for aid.
 For with her swain, my love shall stay;
 Tho' the wolf strole, and the sheep stray.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Calcott, M.B.

BLOW warder, blow thy sounding horn,
 And thy banner wave on high;
 For the Christians have fought in the holy land,
 And have won the victory.
 Loud the warder blew his horn,
 And his banner wav'd on high;
 Let the mass be sung,
 And the bells be rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.
 The warder look'd from the tow'r on high,
 As far as he could see,
 I see a bold knight, and by his red cross,
 He comes from the east country.

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
 And call'd till he was hoarse,
 I see a bold knight,
 And on his shield bright,
 He beareth a flaming cross.
 Then down the lord of the castle came,
 The red cross knight to meet,
 And when the red cross knight he espied
 Right loving he did him greet.
 Thour't welcome here, dear red cross knight,
 For thy fame's well known to me,
 And the mass shall be sung,
 And the bells shall be rung,
 And we'll feast right merrily.
 Oh, I am come from the holy land,
 Where saints did live and die;
 Behold the device I bear on my shield,
 The red cross knight am I:
 And we have fought, in the holy land,
 And we've won the victory,
 For with valiant might,
 Did the Christians fight,
 And made the proud Pagans fly:
 Thour't welcome here, dear red cross knight,
 Come lay thy armour by,
 And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
 We'll feast us merrily.
 For all in my castle shall rejoice,
 That we've won the victory;
 And the mass shall be sung,
 And the bells shall be rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.

DUETTO.

Hayden.

AS I saw fair Chlora walk alone,
 The feather'd snow, came softly down :
 As Jove descending from his tow'r,
 To court her in a silver show'r,
 The wanton snow flew to her breast,
 As little birds into their nest ;
 But being o'ercome with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear.
 Thence falling on her garments hem,
 To deck her froze into a gem.
 The wanton snow, &c.

Da Capo.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Danby.

AS passing by a shady grove,
 I heard a linnet sing,
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love
 Proclaim'd the cheerful spring.
 His pretty accents seem'd to flow
 As if he knew no pain ;
 His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,
 It echo'd o'er the plain.
 Ah! happy warbler, I reply'd,
 Contented thus to be ;
 'Tis only harmony and love
 Can be compar'd with thee.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Brewer, 1667.

TURN, Amarillis, to thy swain,
Thy Damon calls thee back again;
Here's a pretty arbour by,
Where Apollo cannot spy;
Here let's sit, and whilst I play,
Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

ANSWER.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Paxton.

GO, Damon, go, Amarillis bids adieu,
Go seek another love,
But prove to her more true:
No, no, I care not
For your pretty arbour nigh,
Although great Apollo cannot spy:
Nor will I sit to hear you play,
Nor tune my voice to your roundelay.

SONG.

STERNE.

HARSH and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unless my Julia strikes the key:
Her hand alone can touch the part
Whose dulcet movement charms the heart,
And governs all the man, with sympathetic sway.
O Julia!

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dr. Arne.

WHICH is the properest day to drink,
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
 Each is the properest day I think,
 Why should I name but one day?
 Tell me but yours, I'll mention my day,
 Let us but fix on some day.
 Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. Five Voices.

ADESTE, fideles, læti triumphantes,
 Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
 Natum videte regem angelorum,
 Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo Lumen de Lumine,
 Gestant puella viscera;
 Deum verum genitum non factum,
 Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
 Jesu, tibi sit gloria;
 Patris æterni verbum caro factum,
 Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
 Cantet nunc aula cœlestium;
 Gloria in excelsis Deo!
 Venite, adoremus Dominum.

GLEE. Four Voices.

CAWTHORNE.

ABELARD.

J. W. Callcott.

AH, why this boding start, this sudden pain,
 That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein?
 What mean regardless of yon midnight bell,
 These earth-born visions, saddening o'er my cell:
 What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow,
 These sighs to murmur and these tears to flow!
 Sleep, conscience, sleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
 And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
 What means this pause, this agonizing start,
 This glimpse of heav'n just rushing through my heart?
 Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd,
 A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade:
 Around th'expiring God, bright angels fly,
 Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.
 O save me! save me! ere the thunder roll
 And endless terrors swallow up my soul.
 Fly! for justice bares the arm of God,
 And the grasp'd vengeance only waits His nod!

GLEE. Five Voices.

W. Rock.

ALONE thro' unfrequented wilds,
 With pensive steps I rove;
 I ask the rocks, I ask the streams,
 Where dwells my absent love.
 The silent eve, the rosy morn,
 My constant search survey;
 But who can tell if thou my dear,
 Wilt e'er remember me?

GLEE. Three Voices.

Stevens.

PRITHEE, foolish boy, give o'er,
Cease thy bosom to torment;
Prithee, sigh and whine no more,
Come with me and taste content;
Love's a foe of thine and mine,
Let's drown the god in gen'rous wine.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dr. Cooke.

HALCYON days, now wars are ending,
You shall find whene'er you sail,
Tritons all the while attending
With a kind and gentle gale;
No stars again shall hurt you from above,
But all your days shall pass in peace and love.

Da Capo.

SONG.

Mrs. RATCLIFF.

Percy.

DOWN, down, a thousand fathom deep,
Among the sounding seas I go,
Play round the foot of ev'ry steep,
Whose cliffs above the ocean grow,
In coral bow'rs I love to lie
And hear the surges roll above,
And thro' the waters view on high,
The proud ship's sail and gay clouds move:

And oft at midnight's stillest hour,
 When summer seas the vessel lave,
 I love to prove my charming pow'r
 While floating on the moon-light wave;
 And when deep sleep the crew has bound,
 And the sad lover musing leans
 O'er the ship's side, I breathe around,
 Such strains as speak no mortal means.

Sometimes a single note I swell,
 That softly sweet at distance dies;
 Then wake the magic of my shell,
 When choral voices round me rise,
 The trembling youth charm'd by my strain,
 Calls up the crew who silent bend,
 O'er the high deck, but list in vain,
 My song is hush'd, my wonders end.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Dr. Arne.

POCULUM elevatum,
 Quod nobis est pergratum;
 Poculum elevatissimum,
 Quod nobis est pergratissimum;
 Bibamus!
 Bibe, totum extra,
 Nil manet intra;
 Hoc est bonum in visceribus meis,
 Hoc est bonum in visceribus tuis;
 Et nos con sequimur laudes tuas.
 O Quam bonum est!
 O Quam jocundum est!
 Poculis fraternis gaudere.

DUETTO.

Eccles.

FILL all the glasses, fill them high,
 Drink and defy all pow'r but Love;
 Wine gives the slave his liberty,
 But Love makes a slave of thundering Jove.
 Then drink, drink away,
 Make a night of the day;
 'Tis nectar, 'tis liquor divine;
 The pleasures of life,
 Free from anguish and strife,
 Are owing to Love, and good wine.

AMERICAN INDIAN WAR SONG.

Percy.

ARISE, my sons, prepare for war,
 The spirit calls us hence afar:
 By moon-ey'd night, or sunny day,
 Thro' marsh and forest speed your way;
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor hunger fear,
 The Indian ev'ry pain can bear,
 When strangers of the morning shore,
 Forget the oaths their fathers swore.

Arise, arise, prepare, 'tis day,
 The spirit calls us hence away:
 With printless foot, the foe surprise,
 Or close in death his sleeping eyes:
 With wily war and patient toil,
 We'll feast us on revenge and spoil:
 Then strangers of the morning shore,
 Shall keep the oaths their fathers swore.

SONG.

Dr. Arnold.

FLOW, thou regal purple stream,
 Tincted by the solar beam :
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes.
 My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, Wine, a jovial king :
 While I live, I'll lave my clay,
 When I'm dead, and gone away ;
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, but that was May.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Ford, 1620.

SINCE first I saw your face I resolv'd
 To honour and renown you ;
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish
 My heart had never known you :
 What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
 Shall we begin to wrangle ?
 No, no, no ! my heart is fast,
 And cannot disentangle.

The sun whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder,
 And your sweet beauty past compare,
 Made my poor eyes the bolder.
 Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
 And signs of kindness bind me ;
 There, O there, where-e'er I go,
 I'll leave my heart behind me.

CATCH. Three Voices.

Danby.

O LET the merry peal go on,
Proclaim how happy Jane's with John :
With lasses gay and lads elate,
The loves and graces round them wait ;
Of Jane and John shall be my song,
Of Jane and John the whole day long.

CATCH. Three Voices.

Purcell.

JACK, thou'rt a toper, let's have t'other quart,
Ring, we're so sober 'twere a shame to part,
None but a cuckold bully'd by his wife,
For coming late fears a domestick strife ;
I'm free, so are you, to call and knock,
Knock boldly, the watchman cries past two o'clock.

SONG.

MRS. RADCLIFF.

Percy.

IN the sightless air I dwell ;
On the sloping sun beams play,
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did day-light stay ;
Dive beneath the green sea waves,
And sport amid the briny deep,
Skim ev'ry shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plain to India's steep.

And listen to celestial sounds
 That swell the air unhear'd of men,
 As I watch my nightly rounds
 O'er woody steep and silent glen ;
 Then when the breeze has sunk away,
 And ocean scarce is heard to lave,
 For me the sea nymphs softly play,
 Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
 And pausing silence makes more dread,
 In music, breathing from below,
 Sad solemn sounds that wake the dead,
 Unseen I move, unknown am fear'd,
 And Fancy's wildest dreams I weave,
 And oft by bards my voice is heard,
 To die along the gales of Eve.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHENSTONE.

Stevens.

O MEMORY ! celestial maid !
 Who gleans't the flowrets cropt by time,
 And suff'ring not a leaf to fade,
 Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime !
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind,
 When life was new, and Lesbia kind.
 And bring that garland to my sight,
 With which my favor'd crook she bound ;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright
 Which then my festive temples crown'd :
 And to my raptur'd ear convey,
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.

SONG.

LAMENTATION OF ABBA THULE.

Percy.

I CLIMB the highest clift, I hear the sound
 Of dashing waves, I gaze intent around,
 But not a speck can my long-straining eye,
 A speck or shadow o'er the waves desery,
 That I might weep tears of delight and say,
 It is the bark that bore my child away,
 Oft in my silent cave when to its fire
 From the night's rushing tempest we retire,
 Methought the wild waves said amid the roar
 At midnight—Thou shalt see thy son no more.
 Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain?
 Upon his father does he call in vain?
 Oh, I shall never, never hear his voice:
 The spring-time shall return, the isles rejoice;
 But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,
 And 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn;
 The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud;
 O'er all the beach now stream the busy croud,
 And light canoes along the lucid tide,
 With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide:
 I linger on the desert rock alone,
 Heartless? and cry for thee, my son! my son!

CATCH. Three Voices.

Harrington.

LOOK, neighbours, look! here lies poor Thomas Day,
 Dead, and turn'd to clay.
 Does he, sure? what old Thomas? lackaday!
 Poor soul! no, no; aye, aye, aye, aye, aye.

GLEE, Three Voices.*Calcott, M.B.*

OH! happy we,
 Attune to harmony,
 That with heart, hand and voice,
 Thus united rejoice:
 Say, does the star from heav'n dropping,
 Or the wind the pale rose cropping,
 Figure right the quick decline
 Of thy heart's friendship unto mine.

Ah, no! no! no!
 As violets blow,
 Still fresh, and still pure
 Shall our friendship endure;
 Nor shall the star from heav'n dropping,
 Or the wind, the pale rose cropping,
 Figure right the quick decline
 Of thy heart's friendship unto mine.

DUETTO.*Attwood.*

THE storm now subsided, with pleasure we view
 Those waves that derided the pray'rs of the crew;
 Again behold, they're now serene,
 'Tis thus in life's uncertain scene,

Da Capo.

Now rescu'd from danger, on England's blest shore,
 Thou home of the stranger, we greet thee once more;
 To all, yet to thy sons most dear,
 Who breathe, but must thy air revere.

Da Capo.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHERIDAN.

Stevens.

ASK'T thou, how long my love shall stay
 When all that's new is past?
 How long? Ah! Delia, can I say
 How long my life will last?
 Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
 At least I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too;
 The thought of Damon's death,
 That he who only lives for you
 Must yield his faithful breath:
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Nor let us lose our heaven here.

ANSWER.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Stevens.

THINKS'T thou, my Damon, I'd forego
 This tender luxury of woe;
 Which better than the tongue imparts
 The feelings of impassion'd hearts:
 Blest if my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that waft to love.

Can true affection cease to fear,
 Poor is the joy not worth a tear:
 Did passion ever know content,
 How weak the rapture words can paint:
 Then let my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that waft to love.

GLEE. Five Voices.**CAREY.****Stevens.**

TO be gazing on those charms,
 To enfold thee in these arms,
 From those lips to hear thy vow,
 With extatic sweetness flow ;
 To be lov'd by one so fair
 Is to be blest beyond compare.

At that bosom's gentle shrine,
 To confess what glows in mine ;
 In those heav'nly eyes to view,
 That confession dear to you ;
 To be lov'd by one so fair
 Is to be blest beyond compare.

CATCH. Three Voices.**Webbe.**

TO the old, long life and treasure ;
 To the young, all health and pleasure ;
 To the fair, their face
 With eternal grace,
 And the rest to be lov'd at leisure.

GLEE. Five Voices.**Stevens.**

ALTHO' soft sleep death's near resemblance wears,
 Still do I wish him on my couch to lie :
 Come, balmy rest, for sweetly it appears,
 Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

GLEE. Three Voices.**EARL OF DORSET.****Callcott, M.B.**

TO all you ladies now at land,
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand,
 How hard it is to write:
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you.
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

In justice you cannot refuse,
 To think of our distress;
 When we, for hopes of honor, lose
 Our certain happiness.
 All these designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears:
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have enough of that at sea.
 With a fal, lal, lal, lal, la.

CATCH. Three Voices.**Warren.**

COME follow me, my lads, let's merry be;
 Ding, ding, dong bell, let's merry be;
 Now, now, I follow thee, let's merry be.

SONG.

Diddin.

IN verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find
 That my manners are simple and plain,
 That my words and my actions, my lips and my mind,
 By my own good will never are twain;
 I love thee, would move thee,
 Of love to be partaker.
 Relent then, consent then,
 And take thy upright Quaker.

Tho' vain I am not, nor of fopp'ry possess,
 Would thou yield to be wedded to me,
 Thou would'st find, gentle damsel, a heart in my breast,
 As joyful, as joyful could be;
 I love thee, would move thee,
 Of love to be partaker.
 Relent then, consent then,
 And take thy upright Quaker.

GLEE. Four Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shield.

MY mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
 She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd false,
 And did forsake her.
 She had a song of Willow, an old song 'twas;
 But it express'd her fortune, and she died
 Singing it.—That song to night will not
 Go from my mind; I've much ado, not to
 Go hang my head all a'one-side;
 And sing it like poor Barbara.

GLEE. Three Voices.

A SHEPHERD lov'd a nymph so fair, fal, la, la, la.

And thus his passion did declare, fal, la, la, la.

For thee, dear maid, I long in vain,

Have sigh'd, nor ventur'd to complain,

O now consent to ease my pain.

Fal, la, la, la.

O could I gain thy tender heart, fal, la, la, la.

We'd join again no more to part, fal, la, la, la.

With thee I'd tread the daisied mead,

To view the herds and flocks at feed,

And home at eve thy footsteps lead.

Fal, la, la, la.

With blushing sweetness thus the maid, fal, la, la, la.

His honest passion brief repaid, fal, la, la, la.

I long, dear youth, thy love have known,

By ev'ry tender kindness shewn,

Then take my hand, my heart's thy own.

Fal, la, la, la.

DUETTO.

Webbe.

THERE, behold the mighty bowl!

Now I'll quench my thirsty soul :

Richest fragrance flows around,

All our cares shall here be drown'd.

Hail, great Bacchus ! pow'r divine,

These, and such like gifts are thine ;

Of thy praise our song shall be,

While we thus are blest by thee.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dr. Scott.

Paxton.

COME, oh come, ethereal guest!
Child of tranquil ease and pleasure;
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Here diffuse thy choicest treasure.
Come, sweet Mirth, and bring with thee,
Sportive catch, and merry glee;
But ah, sly nymph, all playful tricks remove,
Let no offensive sounds invade the ear,
But such as bashful Beauty may approve,
And Modesty, without a blush, can hear.
Then this blooming radiant throng,
Shall applaud the festive measures;
Darting heav'nly smiles along,
Giving and receiving pleasures:
What sweet raptures fire the mind,
When beauty's charms, and music are combin'd!

GLEE. Five Voices.

HAYLEY.

Dr. Cooke.

SOPHROSYNE, thou guard unseen,
Whose delicate controul
Can turn the discord of chagrin
To harmony of soul.
Above the lyre, the lute above,
Be mine thy melting tone,
Which makes the peace of all we love,
The basis of our own.

SONG.

Carter.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke,
 Victory soon will crown the joke,

Be silent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell,

Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet ; reserve your fire,
 I do desire.—Fire.

Now the elements do rattle,
 The gods amaz'd behold the battle,

A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
 Trickle down her batter'd side,
 Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
 Conquer, boys, or bravely die.
 Hurl destruction on your foes.—

She sinks! Huzza!

To the bottom down she goes.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Webbe.

THE gods of wit and wine, and love prepare,
 With chearful bowls to celebrate the fair ;
 Love is enjoin'd to name his fav'rite toast,
 We'll give, "The goddess, that delights us most ;"
 Phœbus appoints, and bids the trumpet sound,
 And Bacchus in a bumper puts it round.

GLEE. Three Voices.

SHAKSPEARE.

Callcott. M.B.

IT was a friar, of orders grey,
 Went forth to tell his beads;
 And he met with a lady fair,
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
 Now heav'n thee save, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine,
 My true love thou didst see?
 " And how should I know your true love,
 " From many another one?"
 " O by his cockle hat and staff,
 " And by his sandal shoone."
 " O, lady! he's dead and gone,
 " And at his head a green grass turf,
 " And at his heels a stone.
 " Weep no more lady,
 " Thy sorrow is in vain,
 " For violets pluckt, the sweetest show'rs
 " Will ne'er make grow again:
 " Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile,
 " Beneath yon cloister wall,
 " See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
 " And drizzly rain doth fall."
 " O stay me not, thou holy friar,
 " O stay me not, I pray;
 " No drizzly rain that falls on me,
 " Can wash my fault away."

GLEE. Three Voices.

Smart.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
 I drink to my neighbour and friend;
 All my cares in a whiff, of tobacco I smother,
 For life I know shortly must end.
 While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
 With good ale I will make myself mellow;
 In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
 Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,
 I've enough of my own for to mind;
 The cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
 To death we must all be consign'd:
 Then I'll laugh, drink and sing, and leave nothing to pay,
 But drop like a pear that is mellow;
 And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,
 He's gone like a hearty good fellow.

CATCH. Four Voices.

BEN JOHNSON.

Dr. Arne.

BUZ, quoth the blue fly; hum, quoth the bee;
 Buz and hum they cry, and so do we;
 In his ear, in his nose, thus do you see:
 He eat the dormouse, else it was he.

DUETTO.

DR. WAKE.

Dr. Cooke.

LET Rubinelli charm the ear,
 And sing as erst with voice divine ;
 To Carbonelli I adhere,
 Instead of music give me wine.
 And yet, perhaps, with wine combin'd,
 Sweet music wou'd our joys improve ;
 Let both together then be join'd,
 And feast we as the gods above !
 Anacreon like, we'll sit and quaff,
 Old age and wrinkles I'll despise ;
 Devote the present hours to laugh,
 And learn to-morrow to be wise.

GLEE. Four Voices.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Dr. Cooke.

OH HEAR a pensive prisoner's pray'r, for liberty who sighs,
 And never let thy heart be shut against a wretches cries ;
 If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd, and spurn'd a tyrant's
 [chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force, a free-born mouse
 [detain.
 So may thy hospitable board with health and peace be crown'd,
 And every charm of heart-felt ease, beneath thy roof be
 [found ;
 So when destruction lurks unseen, which men like mice
 [may share,
 May some kind angel clear thy path, and break the hidden
 [snare.

GLEE. Three Voices.

SHAKESPEARE.

Dr. Cooke.

LAWN as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses.
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden coifs and stomachers
For my lads to give their dears.
Pins, and shining toys of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel ;
Come, buy of me, buy lads, buy,
Come buy, or else your lasses cry.

ROUND. Three Voices.

Dr. Aldrick.

HARK ! the bonny Christ-church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six,
They sound so woundy great,
So wondrous sweet,
And they troul so merrily.
Hark ! the first and second bell,
That ev'ry day at four and ten
Cries, come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the verger troops before the dean.
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
To call the beerers home ;
But there's ne'er a man will leave his can,
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

ROUND, Four Voices.

Stoner.

DING, ding, ding dong bell,
O cruel death, that stopp'd the breath
Of him I lov'd so well :
Alack and well aday, 'tis a heavy day,
That ever us befell ;
Then for his sake, some order let us take,
That we may ring his knell.

GLEE. Three Voices.

AMO, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender,
Sweet cowslips grace,
Is her nominative case,
And she's of the feminine gender.

Rorum, corum, sunt divorum,
Harum, scarum, divo :
Tag, rag, merry, derry,
Perriwig and hatband ;
Hic, hoc, horum, genetivo.

Can I decline a nymph divine,
Her voice like a flute is dulcis ;
Her oculus bright, her manus white,
And soft when I tacto her pulse is.

Rorum. Da Capo.

O, how bella my Puella,
I'll kiss secula seculorum ;
If I've luck, sir, she's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum. Rorum. Da Capo.

CANON. Three Voices.

Hey ho, to the greenwood now let us go,
Sing heave and ho ;
And there shall we find both buck and doe,
Sing heave and ho ;
The hart and hind and the little pretty roe,
Sing heave and ho.

GLEE. Five Voices.

R. Cooke.

CONCORD is conquer'd! in this urn their lies,
The master of great music's mysteries ;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Lawes* was slain by those whose wills were laws.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Lord Mornington.

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiss,
Come Rose, come courted to my bow'r :
Queen of the banks, the garden's bliss,
Come and abash yon tawdry flow'r.
Why call us to revokeless doom,
With grief the op'ning buds reply,
Not suffer'd to extend our bloom ;
Scarce born, alas ! before we die.
Man having past appointed years,
Ours are but days, the scene must close,
And when fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a wither'd rose.

* Musician to Charles I. killed at the siege of West Chester.

GLEE. Three Voices.

LIGHTLY tread, 'tis hallow'd ground, *Scotland.*
Hark, above, below, around,
Fairy bands their vigils keep,
While frail mortals sink to sleep,
And the moon with feeble rays,
Gilds the brook that bubbling plays;
As in murmurs soft it flows,
Music sweet for lovers' woes.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Mellish.

WELCOME the covert of these aged oaks,
Welcome each cavern of these horrid rocks,
Far from the world's illusion let me rove,
Deceiv'd in friendship, and betray'd in love.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Guglielmi.

HERE'S a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let a bumper toast go round;
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture without measure,
For with them true joys are found.

GLEE Four Voices.*Paxton.*

ROUND the hapless André's urn
 Be the cyprus foliage spread ;
 Fragrant spice profusely burn,
 Honors grateful to the dead,
 Let a soldier's manly form,
 Guard the vase his ashes bears,
 Truth in living sorrow warm,
 Pay a mourning nation's tears ;
 Fame his praise upon thy wing,
 Thro' the world dispersing tell,
 In the service of his king,
 In his country's cause he fell.

MADRIGAL Five Voices.*T. Linley.*

LET me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds above me flying,
 With all the wanton boughs dispute ;
 And the more tuneful birds replying,
 Till my Delia with her heav'nly song
 Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that sing among.

CATCH Three Voices.*Ives.*

COME, honest friends, and jovial boys,
 Follow, follow, follow me,
 And sing this catch merrily.

GLEE. Four Voices.**SHAKESPEARE.**Harmonized by **JACKSON.**

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I,
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry,
 On a batt's back do I fly,
 After sunset merrily;
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run,
 By the triple Hecate's beam,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Follow darkness as a dream.
 Over hill, over dale,
 Thoro' bush, thoro' briar,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thoro' flood, thoro' fire.
 Merrily, merrily, shall we live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

CATCH. Four Voices.**Purcell.**

SOLDIER, soldier take off thy wine,
 And shake thy locks as I shake mine;
 How can I my poor locks shake,
 That have but ten hairs on my pate,
 And one of them must go for tythe,
 So there remains but four and five;
 Four and five, and that makes nine,
 Then take off your drink as I take mine.

CATCH. Three Voices.

Callcott, M.D.

HAVE you Sir John Hawkins's History?
Some folks think it quite a mystery?
Music fill'd his wond'rous brain;
How d'ye like him—is it plain?
Both I've read, and must agree,
That Burney's History pleases me.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Dowland.

AWAKE, sweet love, thou art return'd,
My heart which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Only herself hath seemed fair,
She only I could love,
She only drove me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.

GLEE. Three Voices.

Dr. Cooke.

ROUND with the glass, boys, as fast as you can,
Since he who dont drink, cannot be a true man;
For if truth is in wine, then 'tis all but a whim,
To think a man true when the wine's not in him:
Drink then and hold it a maxim divine,
There's virtue in truth, and truth in good wine.

CATCH. Three Voices.*Hook.*

THE body of great Elizabeth lies here,
 To Britain's foes, the scourge, to Britons, dear :
 Up to her chin in ruff the waxen figure stands
 Grasping the globe, and scepter, with both hands ;
 Interr'd beneath this place the body lies,
 But well earn'd fame and honour never dies.

CANON. Four Voices.*Dr. W. Hayes.*

LET'S drink and let's sing together,
 In spite of wind and weather,
 So let the toast go round ;
 Come, here's to all honest men,
 Fill up your glass,
 Drink fair, or drink again.

ROUND. Three Voices.*Atterbury.*

SWEET enslaver can you tell,
 How I learn'd to love so well ;
 In the morning when I rise,
 If the sunshine strike mine eyes,
 All that pleases in his view
 Is my hope to look on you.

GLEE. Four Voices.

Atterbury.

OH thou sweet bird, that sits on some lone spray,
 Unseen, amid yon solitary grove,
 Fly to my love, and sing thy little lay,
 For lays like thine the hardest heart can move;
 Sing till all around her soft ey'd pity play,
 And one responsive sigh breathe sympathizing love.

SONG. One Voice.

Dr. Arne.

BY the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waining night grows old;
 Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sports away:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care 'twas made for you.

CATCH. Three Voices.

Atterbury.

JOAN said to John, when he stop'd her t'other day,
 Pray John let me go, you know I cannot stay;
 You always so tieze me and want me to stay;
 But tieze me no more, for I must away.
 So she left him in spite of all he could say,
 Who then could say nought, but pray Joan prithee stay.

ROUND. Three Voices.

Purcell.

UNDER this stone lies Gabriel John,
In the year of our lord one thousand and one ;
Cover his head with turf or stone, 'tis all one.
Pray for the soul of gentle John,
If you please you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.

GLEE. Five Voices.

Stevens.

SAD winter pass'd, the leafless grove
Again revives with vernal hue ;
Hush'd is the storm that lately strove,
Mild ev'ning sheds her silent dew.
The sun returns with genial ray,
O'er earth the scatter'd seeds are sown ;
Fond hope anticipates her day,
And smiles o'er harvests yet unknown.
PHILANTHROPY thy heav'nly ray,
Alike dispelling winter's gloom ;
Shall to the virtues life convey,
And rouse them from their early tomb.
Won by the strain thy precepts pour,
Thy pupils emulous shall grow,
Till reason her full light restore,
And joy exult o'er pining woe.

FINIS.

ROUND. Three Voices.

Partell.

UNDER this stone lies Gabriel John,
In the year of our lord one thousand and one;
Cover his head with turf or stone, its all one,
Pray for the soul of gentle John,
If you please you may, or let it stone, its all one.

CLASS. Five Voices.

Stanza.

SAD winter pass'd the leafless grove
Again revives with vernal hue;
Hush'd is the storm that lately rove,
Mild ev'ning sheds her silent dew.
The sun returns with genial ray,
O'er earth the scatter'd seeds are sown;
Forth hope anticipates the day,
And smiles o'er harvest yet unborn.
Pursuant to thy heavenly will,
Alike dispelling winter's gloom,
Shall to the virtuous life convey,
And raise them from their early tomb.
Won by the secret thy precepts bore,
Thy pupils' emotions shall grow,
Till reason her full light restore,
And joy exulting ringed with woe.

FINIS.